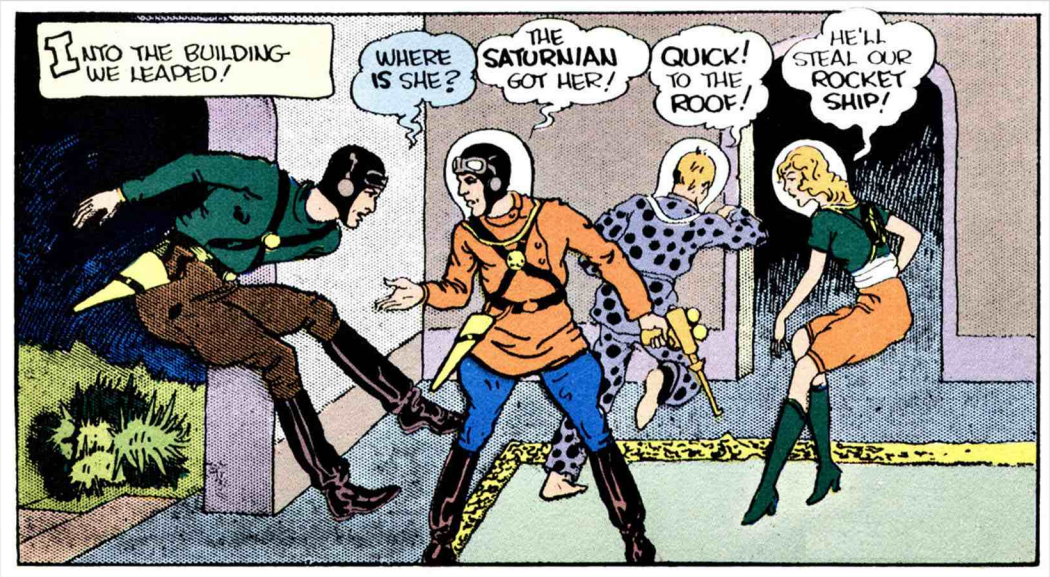
Buck Rogers 15th Century A.D.

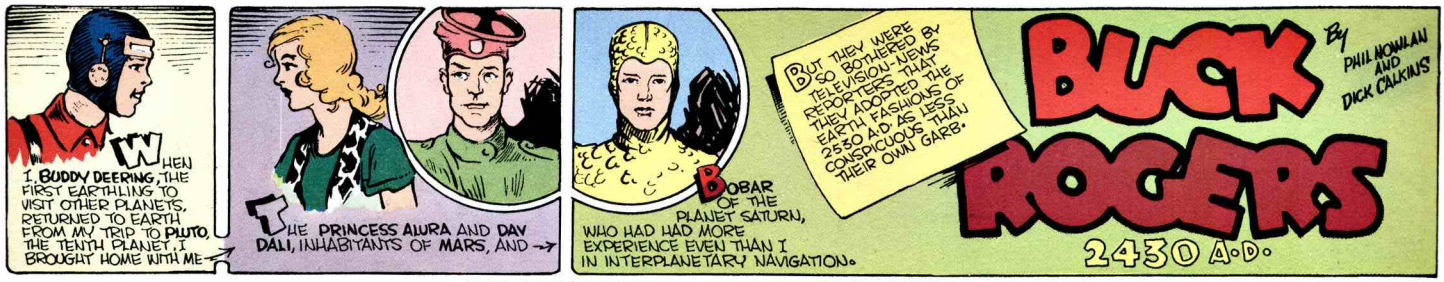


Sunday Story 03

"Mysterious Saturnian"

September 14, 1930 to November 30, 1930
Series I Strips 25 to 36

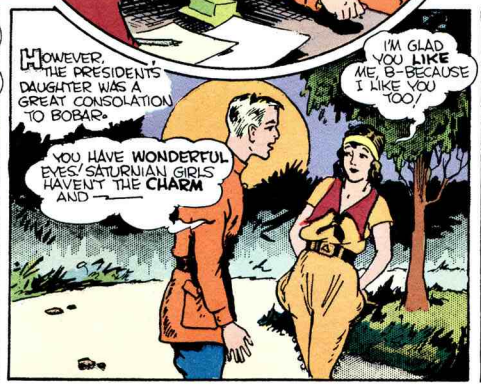
by Russell Keaton


When I, Buddy Deering, the first earthling to visit other planets, returned to earth from my trip to Pluto, the tenth planet, I brought home with me
The princess Alura and Dav Dali, inhabitants of Mars, and
Bobar of the planet Saturn, who had had more experience even than I in interplanetary navigation.
But they were so bothered by television-news reporters that they adopted the earth fashions of 2530 A.D. as less conspicuous than their own garb.
BUCK ROGERS
2430 A.D.
By Phil Nowlan and Dick Calkins

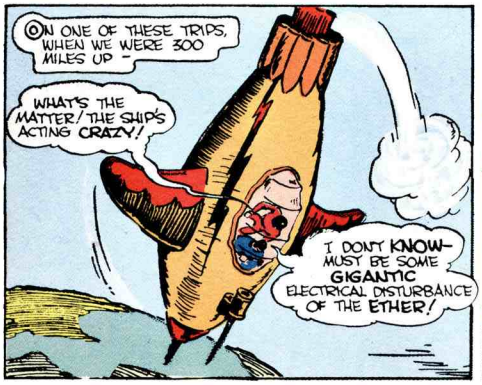
THE VANISHING RADIO STATION

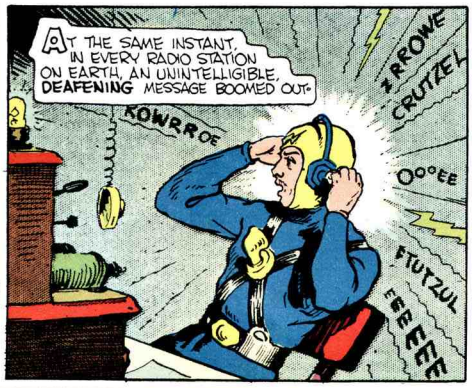
Dav Dali, Bobar and I were at work on the book on interplanetary navigation we were compiling.
Well, it was a straight line from Pluto to the orbit of —
No no! Can't I ever get you to see that space is curved and you can't travel in a straight line?
He's right, Buddy. Remember Einstein.
The president himself was interested in our work.
We're on the last chapter now.
Good! Then if we can just establish a line of rocket ships to Mars, with regular sailings —
Farm Relief
Alura was guest of honor at the white house, for she had formed an inseperable friendship with the president's daughter, Mary.
I bet I'd find Mars just as wonderful.
Oh Mary, your earth is wonderful!

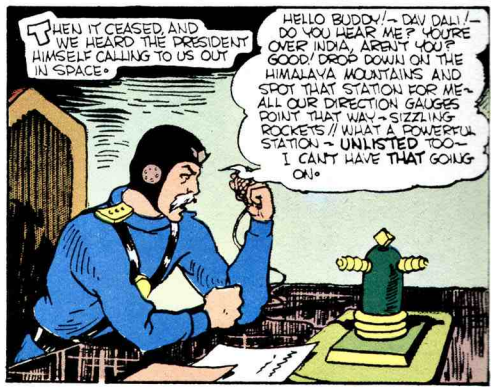
But Bobar was worried. One day he confided in me.
It's the queen-of Saturn, you know-you see, she was getting entirely too fond of me. And that time I radiophoned when we passed near Saturn — well, I hope she didn't find it out.
What difference would it make if she did - still you know your queens - but anyhow I wouldn't worry.

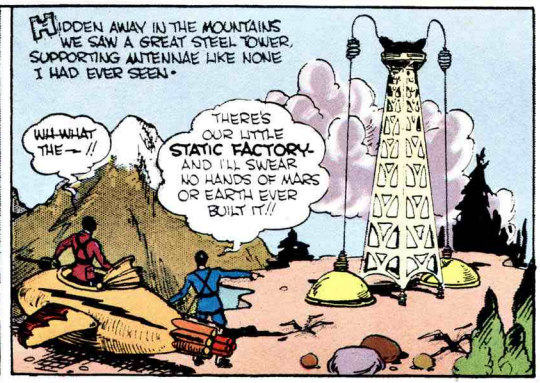

However, the president's daughter was a great consolation to Bobar.
I'm glad you like me, B-because I like you too!
You have wonderful eyes! Saturnian girls haven't the charm and —

Often Dav Dali and I went for a spin in space in a metalloglass-covered rocket car.
Where's Bobar? He never comes with us any more.
Oh, he's mushing over that girl again. Pfaw! Now on Mars men are men! They don't waste their time mushing around.

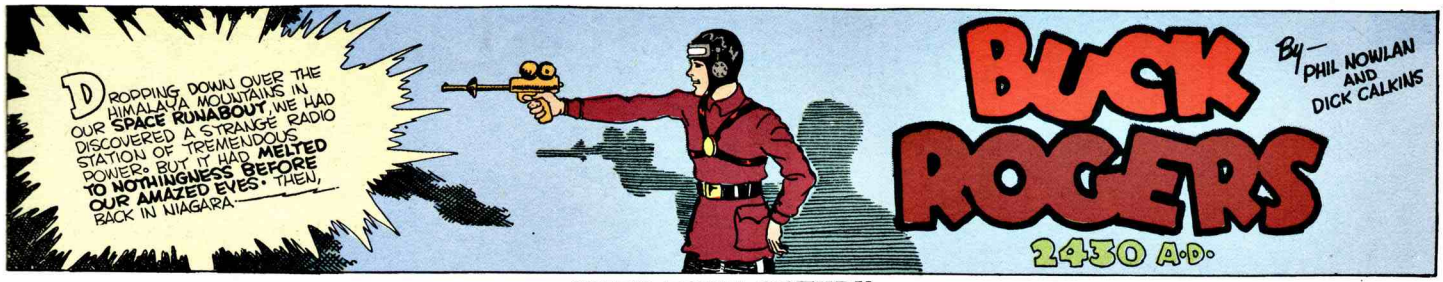

On one of these trips, when we were 300 miles up —
What's the matter! The ship's acting crazy!
I don't know - must be some gigantic electrical disturbance of the ether!



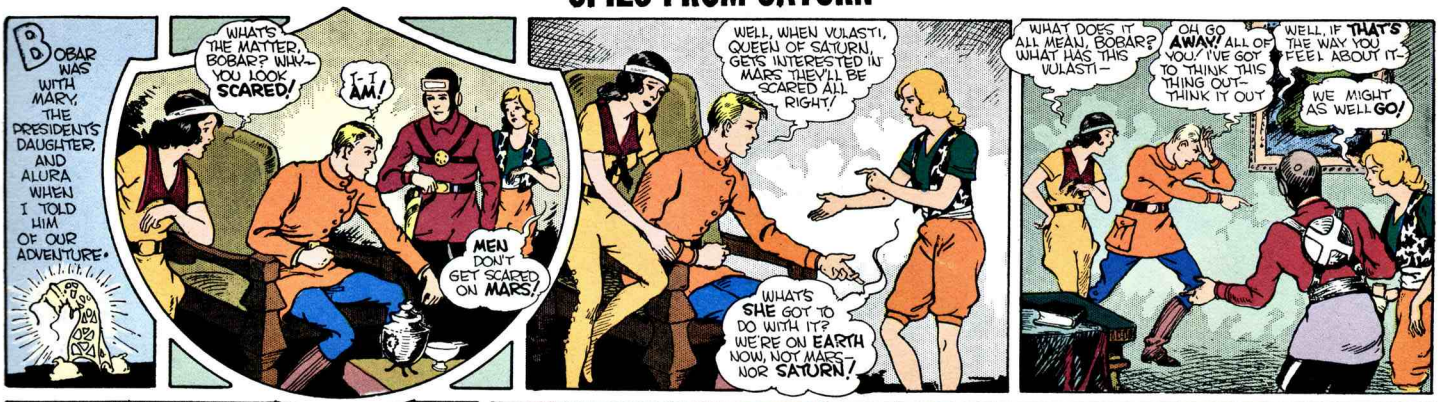

Then it ceased, and we heard the president himself calling to us out in space.
Hello Buddy! — Dav Dali! — Do you hear me? You're over India, aren't you? Good! Drop down on the Himalaya mountains and spot that station for me - all our direction gauges point that way - sizzling rockets! What a powerful station - unlisted too - I can't have that going on.


Hidden away in the mountains we saw a great steel tower, supporting antennae like none I had ever seen.
Wh-what the — !!
There's our little static factory - and I'll swear no hands of mars or earth ever built it!!

As we gazed, an amazing thing happened!
Wh-why, it's white hot! — melting! - and flowing away!
Someone has deliberately destroyed it! Who? - Why?
Dick Calkins

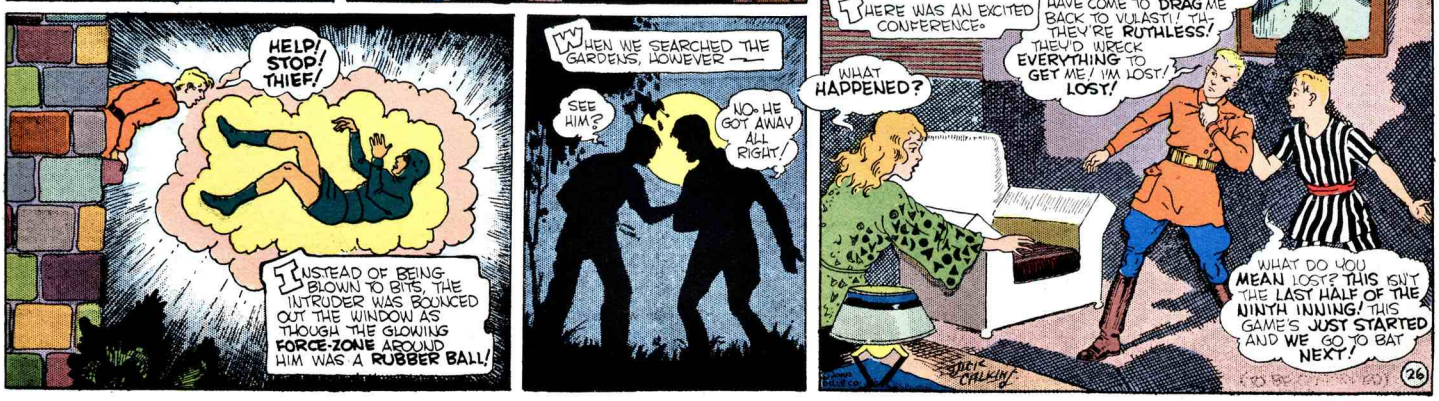

DROPPING DOWN OVER THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS IN OUR SPACE RUNABOUT, WE HAD DISCOVERED A STRANGE RADIO STATION OF TREMENDOUS POWER. BUT IT HAD MELTED TO NOTHINGNESS BEFORE OUR AMAZED EYES. THEN, BACK IN NIAGARA—
BUCK ROGERS
2430 A.D.
By— PHIL NOWLAN AND DICK CALKINS

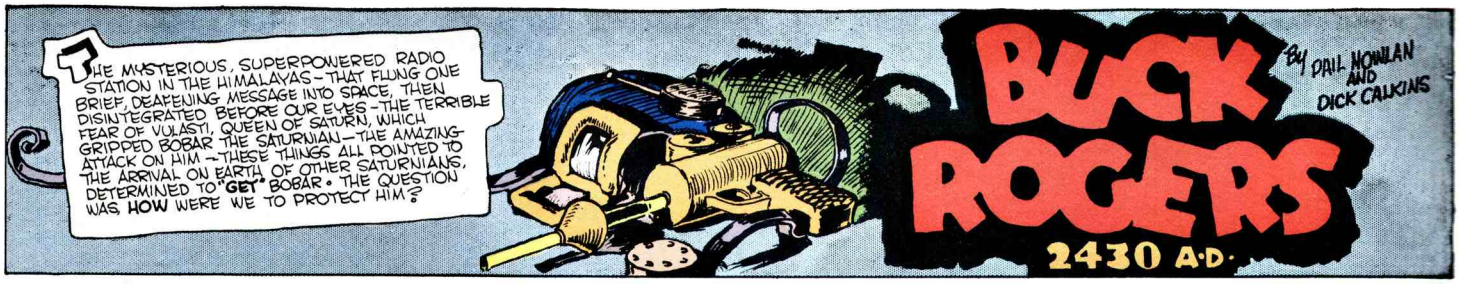
SPIES FROM SATURN


BOBAR WAS WITH MARY, THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER, AND ALURA WHEN I TOLD HIM OF OUR ADVENTURE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOBAR? WHY—YOU LOOK SCARED!
I-I AM!
MEN DON'T GET SCARED ON MARS!
WELL, WHEN VULASTI, QUEEN OF SATURN, GETS INTERESTED IN MARS THEY'LL BE SCARED ALL RIGHT!
WHAT'S SHE GOT TO DO WITH IT? WE'RE ON EARTH NOW, NOT MARS—NOR SATURN!
WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN, BOBAR? WHAT HAS THIS VULASTI—
OH GO AWAY! ALL OF YOU! I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS THING OUT—THINK IT OUT
WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT—
WE MIGHT AS WELL GO!

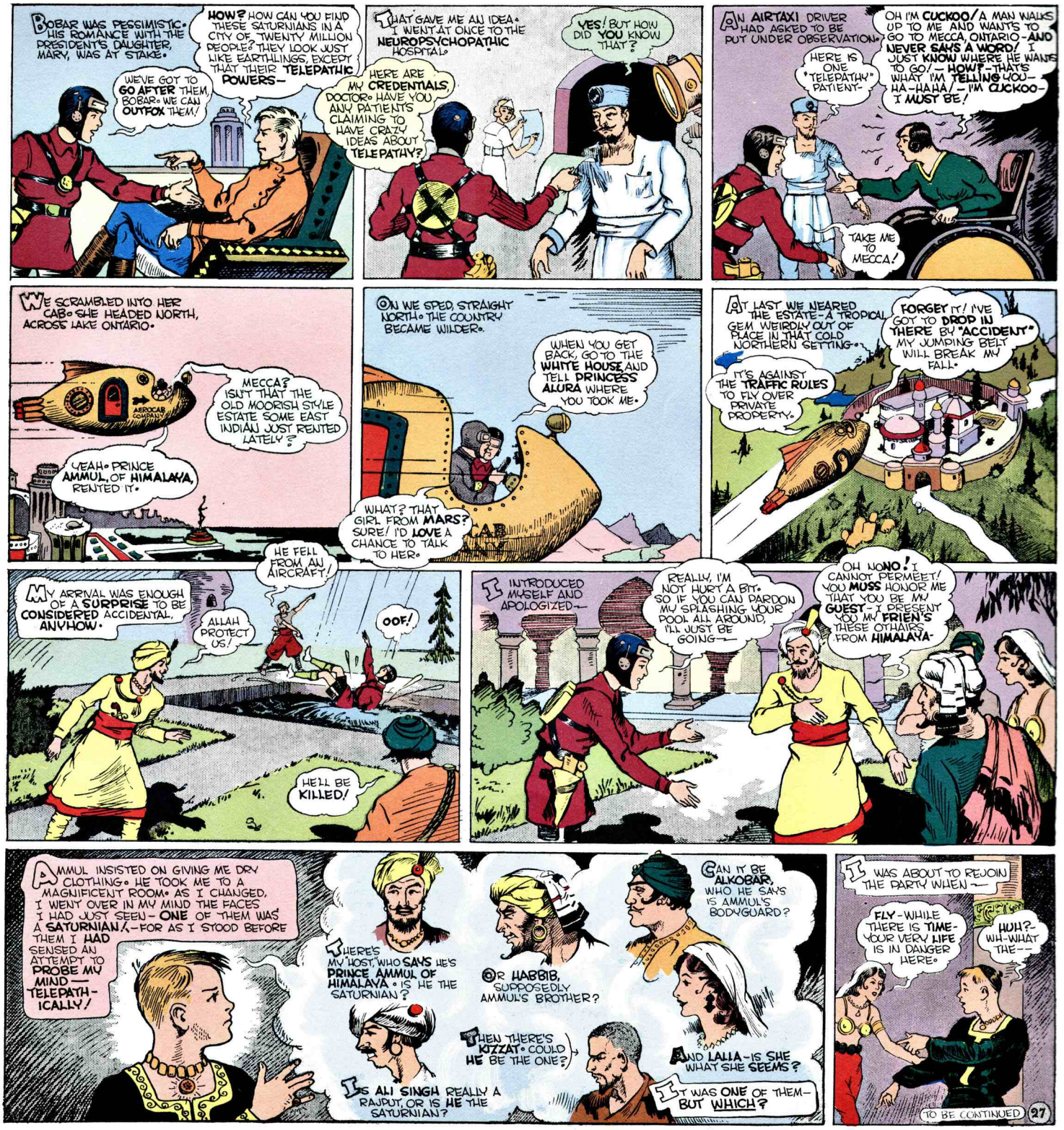
IT WAS ILLEGAL FOR STRANGERS TO HAVE ROCKET PISTOLS. BUT THAT NIGHT BOBAR PLAYED ON MARY'S SYMPATHIES.
I'M THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER, BOBAR. IF I BREAK THE LAW—WELL—ALL RIGHT. I'LL DO IT.
PLEASE, MARY, PLEASE! GET ME A ROCKET PISTOL. IT—IT MAY SAVE MY LIFE!
BUT MARY INSISTED ON KNOWING WHAT HE WANTED WITH IT. SO, IN HIS APARTMENT—
BUT BOBAR DEAR, WHO COULD WANT TO HARM YOU?
THEY'RE ON MY TRAIL SURE! IF THEY GET ME—THERE!—THEY WON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ROCKET PISTOLS AND—
IF ANYONE CROSSES THAT BEAM OF INFRA-RED LIGHT—WHICH WON'T BE VISIBLE IN THE DARK—IT THROWS A SHADOW ON THE SELENIUM CELL, AND ELECTRICALLY FIRES THE ROCKET PISTOL.
I—I THINK YOU'RE SILLY! NOBODY'S GOING TO ATTACK YOU HERE! GOOD NIGHT! I'M GOING!

BUT IN THE NIGHT A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE CLIMBED TOWARD BOBAR'S WINDOW.
AND A SECOND LATER—
WHAT'S THAT? I BETTER SNAP ON MY FORCE ZONE!
THERE WAS A FLASH—A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.
GOT YOU! YOU SPY!
OUCH!!


HELP! STOP! THIEF!
INSTEAD OF BEING BLOWN TO BITS, THE INTRUDER WAS BOUNCED OUT THE WINDOW AS THOUGH THE GLOWING FORCE-ZONE AROUND HIM WAS A RUBBER BALL!
WHEN WE SEARCHED THE GARDENS, HOWEVER—
SEE HIM?
NO. HE GOT AWAY ALL RIGHT.
THERE WAS AN EXCITED CONFERENCE.
WHAT HAPPENED?
SATURNIANS, DISGUISED AS EARTHLINGS, HAVE COME TO DRAG ME BACK TO VULASTI! TH-THEY'RE RUTHLESS! THEY'D WRECK EVERYTHING TO GET ME! I'M LOST! LOST!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN LOST? THIS ISN'T THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH INNING! THIS GAME'S JUST STARTED AND WE GO TO BAT NEXT!
DICK CALKINS
26


THE MYSTERIOUS, SUPERPOWERED RADIO STATION IN THE HIMALAYAS - THAT FLUNG ONE BRIEF, DEAFENING MESSAGE INTO SPACE, THEN DISINTEGRATED BEFORE OUR EYES - THE TERRIBLE FEAR OF VULASTI, QUEEN OF SATURN, WHICH GRIPPED BOBAR THE SATURNIAN - THE AMAZING ATTACK ON HIM - THESE THINGS ALL POINTED TO THE ARRIVAL ON EARTH OF OTHER SATURNIANS, DETERMINED TO "GET" BOBAR. THE QUESTION WAS, HOW WERE WE TO PROTECT HIM?
BUCK ROGERS
2430 A.D.
BY DAN HOWLAN AND DICK CALKINS

THE VOICE FROM THE GRILLE


BOBAR WAS PESSIMISTIC. HIS ROMANCE WITH THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER, MARY, WAS AT STAKE.
HOW? HOW CAN YOU FIND THESE SATURNIANS IN A CITY OF TWENTY MILLION PEOPLE? THEY LOOK JUST LIKE EARTHLINGS, EXCEPT THAT THEIR TELEPATHIC POWERS—
WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THEM, BOBAR. WE CAN OUTFOX THEM!
THAT GAVE ME AN IDEA. I WENT AT ONCE TO THE NEUROPSYCHOPATHIC HOSPITAL.
HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS, DOCTOR. HAVE YOU ANY PATIENTS CLAIMING TO HAVE CRAZY IDEAS ABOUT TELEPATHY?
YES! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?
AN AIRTAXI DRIVER HAD ASKED TO BE PUT UNDER OBSERVATION.
HERE IS ONE "TELEPATHY" PATIENT—
OH I'M CUCKOO/ A MAN WALKS UP TO ME AND WANTS TO GO TO MECCA, ONTARIO - AND NEVER SAYS A WORD/ I JUST KNOW WHERE HE WANTS TO GO/ — HOW? - THAT'S WHAT I'M TELLING YOU - HA-HAHA/ — I'M CUCKOO - I MUST BE!
TAKE ME TO MECCA!
WE SCRAMBLED INTO HER CAB. SHE HEADED NORTH, ACROSS LAKE ONTARIO.
AEROCAB COMPANY
MECCA? ISN'T THAT THE OLD MOORISH STYLE ESTATE SOME EAST INDIAN JUST RENTED LATELY?
YEAH. PRINCE AMMUL, OF HIMALAYA, RENTED IT.
ON WE SPED, STRAIGHT NORTH. THE COUNTRY BECAME WILDER.
WHEN YOU GET BACK, GO TO THE WHITE HOUSE AND TELL PRINCESS ALURA WHERE YOU TOOK ME.
WHAT? THAT GIRL FROM MARS? SURE/ I'D LOVE A CHANCE TO TALK TO HER.
AT LAST WE NEARED THE ESTATE - A TROPICAL GEM WEIRDLY OUT OF PLACE IN THAT COLD NORTHERN SETTING.
FORGET IT/ I'VE GOT TO DROP IN THERE BY "ACCIDENT" MY JUMPING BELT WILL BREAK MY FALL.
IT'S AGAINST THE TRAFFIC RULES TO FLY OVER PRIVATE PROPERTY.
MY ARRIVAL WAS ENOUGH OF A SURPRISE TO BE CONSIDERED ACCIDENTAL, ANYHOW.
HE FELL FROM AN AIRCRAFT!
ALLAH PROTECT US!
OOF!
HE'LL BE KILLED!
I INTRODUCED MYSELF AND APOLOGIZED—
REALLY, I'M NOT HURT A BIT. SO IF YOU CAN PARDON MY SPLASHING YOUR POOL ALL AROUND, I'LL JUST BE GOING—
OH NO NO! I CANNOT PERMEET/ YOU MUSS HONOR ME THAT YOU BE MY GUEST - I PRESENT YOU MY FRIEN'S THESE OTHAIRS FROM HIMALAYA.
AMMUL INSISTED ON GIVING ME DRY CLOTHING. HE TOOK ME TO A MAGNIFICENT ROOM. AS I CHANGED, I WENT OVER IN MY MIND THE FACES I HAD JUST SEEN - ONE OF THEM WAS A SATURNIAN!/ - FOR AS I STOOD BEFORE THEM I HAD SENSED AN ATTEMPT TO PROBE MY MIND — TELEPATHICALLY!
THERE'S MY "HOST," WHO SAYS HE'S PRINCE AMMUL OF HIMALAYA. IS HE THE SATURNIAN?
OR HABBIB, SUPPOSEDLY AMMUL'S BROTHER?
CAN IT BE ALKOBAR, WHO HE SAYS IS AMMUL'S BODYGUARD?
THEN THERE'S KIZZAT. COULD HE BE THE ONE?
AND LALLA - IS SHE WHAT SHE SEEMS?
OR IS ALI SINGH REALLY A RAJPUT, OR IS HE THE SATURNIAN?
IT WAS ONE OF THEM — BUT WHICH?
I WAS ABOUT TO REJOIN THE PARTY WHEN —
FLY - WHILE THERE IS TIME - YOUR VERY LIFE IS IN DANGER HERE.
HUH? WH-WHAT THE—
TO BE CONTINUED

BY A PRETENDED "ACCIDENT" I HAD WON A WELCOME IN THE STRANGE HOUSEHOLD OF PRINCE AMMUL, OF HIMALAYA. IT WAS HERE I HAD TRACED THE **TERRIBLE TELEPATHIC POWER** THAT THREATENED MY FRIEND, BOBAR OF SATURN—SO HERE I SAT, AND DARED NOT EVEN **THINK** OF MY MISSION FOR FEAR MY THOUGHTS MIGHT BE READ —— FOR **IN THIS VERY GROUP WAS A DISGUISED AGENT OF VULASTI, QUEEN OF SATURN,** SENT TO EARTH TO **GET** BOBAR. **HOW** WAS I TO LEARN **WHICH ONE** IT WAS?

BUCK ROGERS 2430 A.D.

By PHIL NOWLAN AND DICK CALKINS

MIND BATTLES MIND

AFTER SUPPER THE GROUP DISPERSED AND——

YOU PARDON ME PLEECE, THAT I LEAH YOU FOR AMUSE YOURSELF IN THE LIBRARY LITTLE BIT?

SURE. THAT'S ALL RIGHT, AMMUL. I'LL READ A BOOK OR SOMETHING

LEFT ALONE, I SENSED VIOLENT **THOUGHT-WAVES,** BUT FROM **WHOM?**

NO-O! **NO!** IT IS NOT **I,** MASTER!!! I **SWEAR** IT!!

I FEEL AN **INFLUENCE THAT RESISTS MY WILL** IS IT THIS BOY, **BUDDY?** OR IS IT **YOU?**

THE THOUGHT IMPRESSIONS CEASED. DESPERATELY I PUT MY MIND ON OTHER THINGS. I WANDERED OUT BY THE FOUNTAIN. THE MENTAL STRAIN WAS TERRIBLE.

WHAT A WONDERFUL MOON! ISN'T THIS A WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN! I BET AMMUL'S **RICH!**

IF I COULD ONLY SHIELD MY HEAD **INSIDE SOME METAL OBJECT** THE **TELEPATHIC WAVES** COULDN'T **PENETRATE,** I COULD **DARE** TO **THINK**— A FLASH OF **INSPIRATION** AND——

BACK TO THE LIBRARY!

AT THIS MOMENT ALKO-BAR, UNKNOWN TO ME, RECEIVED **TELEPATHIC** ORDERS FROM THE MYSTERIOUS SATURNIAN.

IT-IT SH-SHALL B-BE D-DONE AS THOU COM-MAN'DEST!

ALKOBAR! **GET** THE STRANGER, **BUDDY** TAKE HIM TO **AMMUL!** I, THE **SATURN POWER** COMMAND IT!

INTO THE LIBRARY CREPT ALKOBAR, **MENACE** IN HIS EVERY MOVEMENT.

BUDDY WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO! I **SAW** HIM COME IN! BUT **WHERE IS HE?**

AT THIS INSTANT I **SNEEZED!**

AWRK!

KERCHOO

ALKOBAR THE FIERCE **FLED IN TERROR!**

HELP!

NO CHANCE TO THINK **NOW!** I'LL **FOLLOW** HIM! HE MAY LEAD ME TO THE **MYSTERIOUS SATURNIAN!**

BUT I HUNG MY FOOT IN THE RUG.

OWOOO!

CLANG!

THEN EVERYBODY WAS IN THE ROOM, TALKING AT ONCE.

WHAT HAPPENED?

BUD-DEE! HE ISS HURT!

THAT **NOISE?**

ISCOVERY OF MY **INNER THOUGHTS** SEEMED **INEVITABLE!**

BUT I WAS TOO **DAZED** TO THINK OF **ANYTHING** BUT MY **FALL!**

HE-HE ISS **ZIG-ZAG** IN THE **HEAD!**

I-I G-GUESS I F-FELL—— **D-DIDN'T I?**

AH! SO **THAT** WAS IT!

AND THE **ARMOR!**

YESSSS!— THE **ARMOR!**

A-HHH-H— AHA!

AND BEHIND **ONE** OF THOSE FACES LURKED THE **MENACE** OF A **SATURNIAN MIND** WITH TELEPATHIC POWERS!

©JOHN DILLE CO.

QUEEN VULASTI OF SATURN HAD SENT A SECRET AGENT TO EARTH TO GET BOBAR THE SATURNIAN. DETERMINED TO PROTECT BOBAR, I HAD TRACED THE MYSTERIOUS SATURNIAN AGENT THROUGH HIS USE OF HIS TELEPATHIC POWERS, TO THE HOUSEHOLD OF PRINCE AMMUL OF HIMALAYA, WHO WAS SOJURNING IN AMERICA. I HAD CAUSED A COMMOTION WHEN I FELL CRASHING WITH A SUIT OF ARMOR.
HA! HA! TRY AND SCARE ME!
BUCK ROGERS
2430 A.D.
By PHIL NOWLAN AND DICK CALKINS

BUDDY WEAKENS UNDER STRAIN

BUT I DID NOT KNOW WHICH ONE OF THIS STRANGE HOUSEHOLD WAS THE DREAD AGENT OF VULASTI IN DISGUISE. AND I DARED NOT THINK ABOUT IT LEST MY THOUGHTS BE READ THROUGH HIS TELEPATHIC POWERS. I WAS AFRAID TO EVEN THINK. I WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM THAT HOUSE!

YOU MUSS BE MY GUEST FOR THE NIGHT. YESSS?

HE'LL SLEEP WELL!

AND THEN—!

SHHHH—

AND MAYBE DREAM!

OF COURSE! I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO ACCEPT YOUR HOSPITALITY!

AMMUL HIMSELF SHOWED ME TO MY ROOM. WAS HE THE SATURNIAN?

AH! YOU WILL SLEEP WELL HERE—YESSS!

I HOPE I DO, PRINCE. I'M ALL TIRED OUT!

MEANWHILE, THE AIR-TAXI DRIVER WHO HAD FLOWN ME TO PRINCE AMMUL'S, WENT TO ALURA, AS I HAD TOLD HER.

YES, MISS. I TOOK HIM OUT TO THAT MOORISH-LIKE ESTATE UP NORTH, AND HE SAID TO COME AND TELL YOU.

WELL, WHAT OF IT? BUDDY HAS A RIGHT TO GO WHERE HE WANTS WITHOUT ASKING MY PERMISSION.

YEAH! I TELLS HIM I'VE TAKEN A GUY OUT THERE WITH TELEPATHIC POWERS, AND HE HAS TO CHASE OUT THERE AFTER HIM RIGHT AWAY!

WHAT? TELEPATHIC POWERS! OH THANKS FOR TELLING ME—THAT IS IMPORTANT!

ALURA FOUND DAV DALI OF MARS AND BOBAR OF SATURN PLAYING CHESS.

HA! QUEEN TAKES PAWN!

I HOPE YOUR QUEEN GETS MEASLES!— AND ALL QUEENS, INCLUDING VULASTI OF SATURN!

QUICK!— DAV!— BOBAR!— BUDDY HAS LOCATED THE AGENT OF VULASTI!— HE'S IN DANGER!

IF BUDDY HAS STACKED UP AGAINST SATURNIAN WILL-POWER UNAIDED, HE'S GOING TO NEED RESCUING!

B-BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? WE'VE NO EVIDENCE AGAINST AMMUL AND HIS CROWD!

WE'LL FIND PLENTY WHEN WE GET THERE!!

THEY WENT INTO A HUDDLE AT ONCE TO DECIDE THE NEXT PLAY.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE ARMORY THEY EQUIPPED THEMSELVES.

REMEMBER, BOBAR, HOW THESE METALLOGLASS HELMETS PREVENTED YOU FROM READING OUR MINDS? WE'LL WEAR THESE AND TAKE ONE FOR BUDDY!

THESE JUMPING BELTS OF THE EARTHLINGS WILL COME IN HANDY!

AND WAIT! THESE HELMETS HAVE URANIUM IN THEM. IF WE USE ULTRA-VIOLET FLASHLIGHTS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IN THE DARK!!

AND IN A FEW MINUTES THEY WERE ROCKETING TO MY RESCUE.

WHILE BACK IN AMMUL'S PALACE, STRUGGLING DESPERATELY TO KEEP MY MIND OFF THE SATURNIAN PRESENCE, I FELL INTO A FITFUL SLUMBER. A POWERFUL MENTAL INFLUENCE AWOKE ME.

CONFESS! RASH EARTHLING—THAT THOU HAST THE HARDIHOOD TO DEFY THE WILL OF SATURN!—BEHOLD! I COME!

THEN—FROM THE SHADOWS—STRODE AN OMINOUS FIGURE!

YOU CAN'T CONTROL MY MIND, YOU BIG BUM!

MISERABLE WORM! I STAND BEFORE THEE—AND YET THOU KNOWEST NOT WHO I AM—FOR BEHOLD, BY THE POWER OF MY WILL I HOLD THEE PARALYZED!

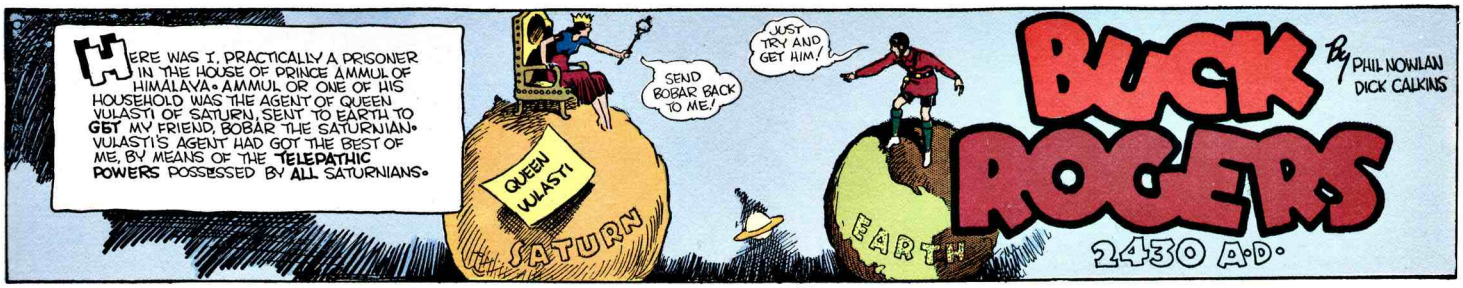
BUT UNKNOWN TO EITHER THE SATURNIAN OR MYSELF, A ROCKETSHIP LANDED SOFTLY AT THIS MOMENT ON THE ROOF OF THE PALACE, AND———

WE'LL DRIFT DOWN ON OUR JUMPING BELTS!

SH-H-H!

AND THROW OUR ULTRA-VIOLET FLASHLIGHTS IN THE WINDOWS

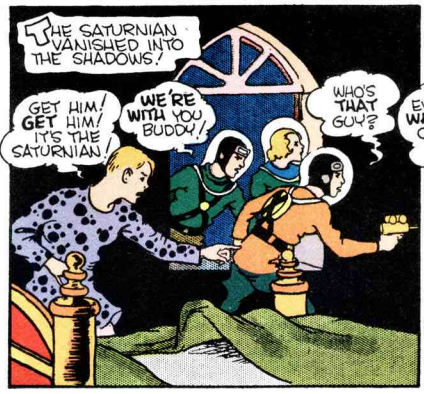
DICK CALKINS 29


HERE WAS I, PRACTICALLY A PRISONER IN THE HOUSE OF PRINCE AMMUL OF HIMALAYA. AMMUL OR ONE OF HIS HOUSEHOLD WAS THE AGENT OF QUEEN VULASTI OF SATURN, SENT TO EARTH TO GET MY FRIEND, BOBAR THE SATURNIAN. VULASTI'S AGENT HAD GOT THE BEST OF ME, BY MEANS OF THE TELEPATHIC POWERS POSSESSED BY ALL SATURNIANS.
QUEEN VULASTI
SATURN
SEND BOBAR BACK TO ME!
JUST TRY AND GET HIM!
EARTH
BUCK ROGERS
2430 A.D.
By PHIL NOWLAN DICK CALKINS

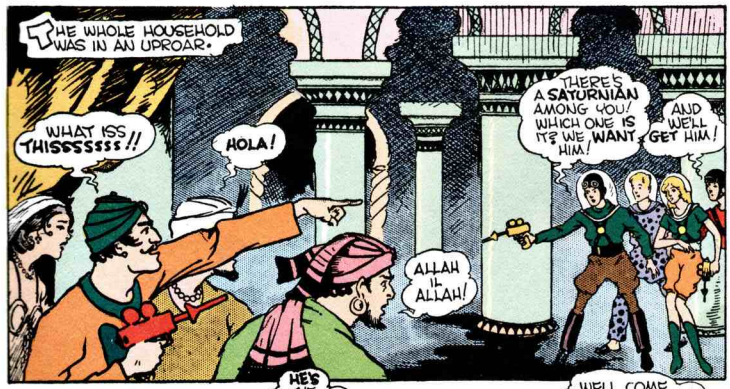
ALURA FOILS SATURNIAN

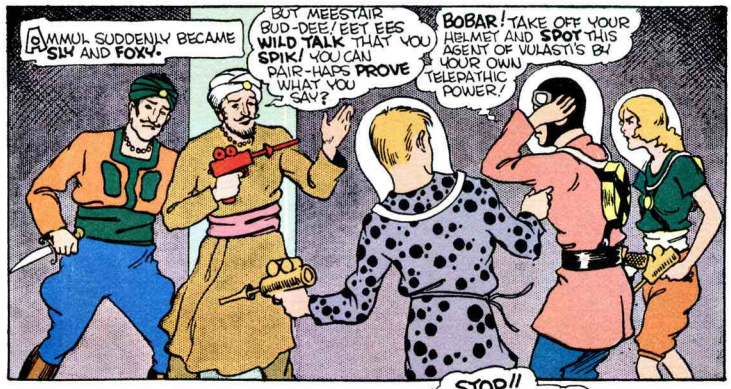
THE DREAD SATURNIAN STOOD BEFORE ME, HIS FIGURE STILL INDISTINCT.
YOU WERE DIVERTING YOUR THOUGHTS - BUT NOW I CAN READ YOUR MIND -- YOU CAME HERE TO SPY ON ME AND--
WELL, WHAT OF IT? - WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

MEANWHILE, UNKNOWN TO ME, ALURA, DAV DALI AND BOBAR FLOATED JUST OUTSIDE THE WINDOW ON JUMPING-BELTS, AND EQUIPPED WITH THOUGHT-SHIELDING HELMETS.
LET'S TRY THIS WINDOW!
THEIR URANIUM-GLASS HELMETS MADE THE ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT OF THEIR FLASHES VISIBLE TO THEM.

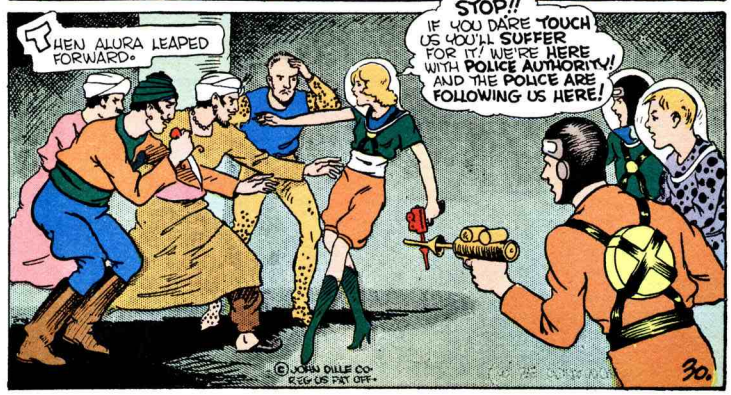


I FLASHED ON THE LIGHTS.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHICH ONE OF THEM HE IS!
HERE PUT THIS HELMET ON QUICK! IT WILL SHIELD YOUR THOUGHTS FROM HIM.
HE GOT AWAY ALL RIGHT!
WELL, WHAT NEXT?


THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD WAS IN AN UPROAR.
WHAT ISS THISSSSSSS!!
HOLA!
THERE'S A SATURNIAN AMONG YOU! WHICH ONE IS IT? WE WANT HIM!
AND WE'LL GET HIM!
ALLAH IL ALLAH!


AMMUL SUDDENLY BECAME SLY AND FOXY.
BUT MEESTAIR BUD-DEE! EET EES WILD TALK THAT YOU SPIK! YOU CAN PAIR-HAPS PROVE WHAT YOU SAY?
BOBAR! TAKE OFF YOUR HELMET AND SPOT THIS AGENT OF VULASTI'S BY YOUR OWN TELEPATHIC POWER!

BUT AS SOON AS BOBAR REVEALED HIMSELF--
AHA! BOBAR- HEY?
HE'S THE SATURNIAN THAT WE WANT.
GRAB HIM!- GET HIM!
NO YOU DON'T!
WELL, COME ON!- TAKE ME! LET'S SEE YOU TRY IT- YOU SPIES!


THEN ALURA LEAPED FORWARD.
STOP!! IF YOU DARE TOUCH US YOU'LL SUFFER FOR IT! WE'RE HERE WITH POLICE AUTHORITY! AND THE POLICE ARE FOLLOWING US HERE!
©JOHN DILLE CO. REG US PAT OFF.
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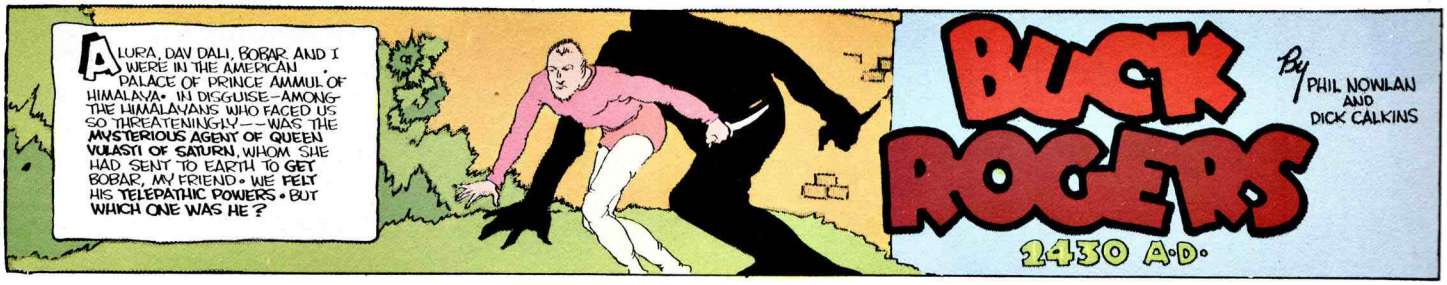
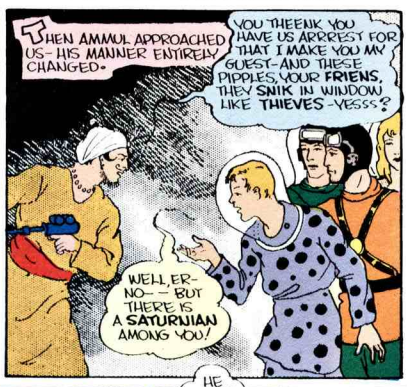

ALURA, DAV DALI, BOBAR AND I WERE IN THE AMERICAN PALACE OF PRINCE AMMUL OF HIMALAVA. IN DISGUISE—AMONG THE HIMALAVANS WHO FACED US SO THREATENINGLY——WAS THE MYSTERIOUS AGENT OF QUEEN VULASTI OF SATURN, WHOM SHE HAD SENT TO EARTH TO GET BOBAR, MY FRIEND. WE FELT HIS TELEPATHIC POWERS. BUT WHICH ONE WAS HE?
BUCK ROGERS
2430 A.D.
By PHIL NOWLAN AND DICK CALKINS

OUTWITTED BY SATURNIAN


THEN AMMUL APPROACHED US—HIS MANNER ENTIRELY CHANGED.
YOU THEENK YOU HAVE US ARRREST FOR THAT I MAKE YOU MY GUEST—AND THESE PIPPLES, YOUR FRIENS, THEY SNIK IN WINDOW LIKE THIEVES—YESSS?
WELL, ER-NO—BUT THERE IS A SATURNIAN AMONG YOU!

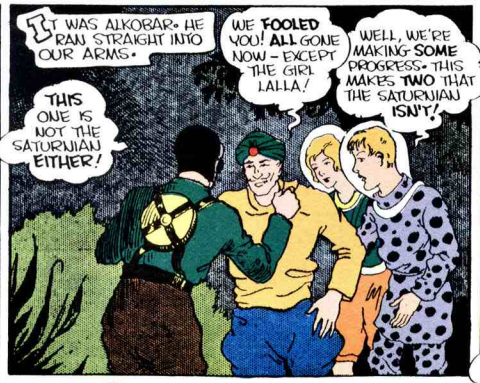
I HAD A PLAN FOR DISCOVERING THE SATURNIAN.
GET BUSY, BOBAR! TRY YOUR OWN TELEPATHIC POWERS ON THEM, AND UNCOVER THIS FELLOW PLANETARIAN OF YOURS.
I'LL DO THAT AND HOW!

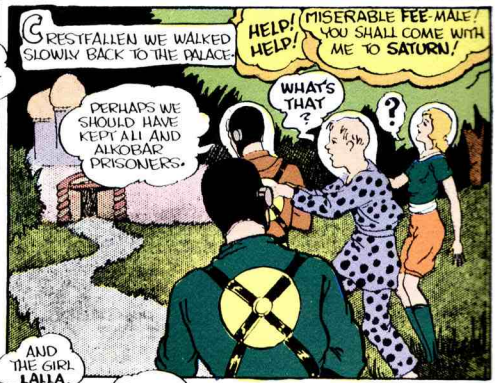
WHERE DOES HE THINK HE'S GOING?
DON'T YOU SEE? HE WON'T FACE BOBAR! HE'S THE SATURNIAN!
HUH?
BUT AT THIS MOMENT ALI SINGH MADE A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

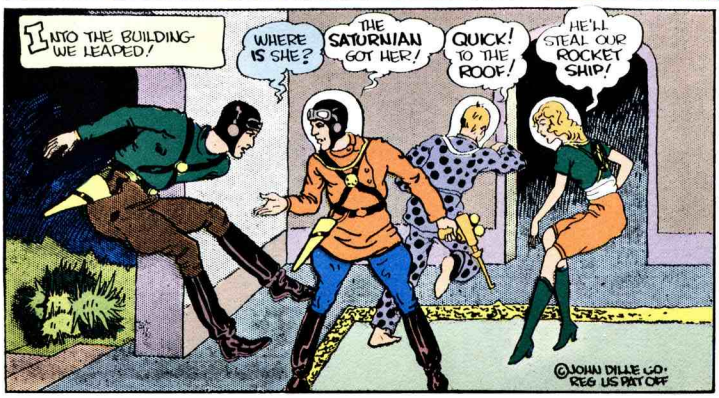
ALI LEAPED THE WALL AND MADE FOR THE PINE TREES.
HE CAN'T GET AWAY!
THERE HE GOES—OVER THE WALL!
WE'LL CATCH HIM EASILY WITH OUR JUMPING BELTS!

WE CAUGHT HIM AMONG THE PINES.
MERCY! FOR THE LOVE OF ALLAH!
B-BUT THIS ISN'T THE MAN WE WANT! I CAN READ HIS MIND—THERE ISN'T A SATURNIAN THOUGHT IN IT! HE WAS A DECOY!
GOT YOU! YOU YELLOW SATURNIAN!

DASHING TOWARD THE PALACE, WE SAW THE OTHERS SCATTERING.
HOLD EVERYTHING! DON'T SHOW YOURSELVES IN THE OPEN! ONE OF THEM IS COMING THIS WAY!


IT WAS ALKOBAR. HE RAN STRAIGHT INTO OUR ARMS.
WE FOOLED YOU! ALL GONE NOW—EXCEPT THE GIRL LALLA!
WELL, WE'RE MAKING SOME PROGRESS. THIS MAKES TWO THAT THE SATURNIAN ISN'T!
THIS ONE IS NOT THE SATURNIAN EITHER!


CRESTFALLEN WE WALKED SLOWLY BACK TO THE PALACE.
HELP! HELP!
MISERABLE FEE-MALE! YOU SHALL COME WITH ME TO SATURN!
WHAT'S THAT?
PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE KEPT ALI AND ALKOBAR PRISONERS.
AND THE GIRL LALLA, TOO!


INTO THE BUILDING WE LEAPED!
WHERE IS SHE?
THE SATURNIAN GOT HER!
QUICK! TO THE ROOF!
HE'LL STEAL OUR ROCKET SHIP!
©JOHN DILLE CO. REG US PAT OFF

ALURA WAS RIGHT—
HE DID TAKE THE ROCKET SHIP!
DO YOU FEEL HIS TELEPATHIC MESSAGE?
HA! HA! WHAT FOOLS YOU PUNY EARTHLINGS ARE TO MATCH YOUR LITTLE WITS AGAINST THE BRAINS OF SATURN!
DICK CALKINS

BUCK ROGERS 2430 A.D.

By PHIL NOWLAN DICK CALKINS

WE HAD INVADED THE LAIR OF THE AGENT OF QUEEN VULASTI OF SATURN. HE HAD COME TO EARTH TO **GET** BOBAR, MY FRIEND, A SATURNIAN WHO HAD WRECKED THE AGENT'S PLANS. BUT THE AGENT ESCAPED IN OUR ROCKET SHIP BEFORE WE COULD FIND OUT WHETHER HE WAS THE SUPPOSED PRINCE AMMUL OF HIMALAVA, HABBIB, WHO POSED AS HIS BROTHER, OR KIZZAT, THE MYSTERIOUS "SECRETARY". Buddy Deering

SAY SLIM! YOU'RE A **WOW!**

SAY SLIM! YOU'RE A WOW!

THE FLYING ROBOT

WITH LALLA IN HIS CLUTCHES, THE MYSTERIOUS SATURNIAN SPED ON, OVER LAND AND SEA.

IS THERE **NO** HOPE? CAN **NOBODY** SAVE ME?

NO! – WHEN I HAVE SETTLED BOBAR, YOU SHALL BE **MY BRIDE ON FAR SATURN!**

MEANWHILE WE RETURNED TO THE CITY, WHERE WE HELD A "COUNCIL OF WAR".

YES – BUT HE'S GOTTEN **AWAY!**

AND KIDNAPPED THAT LITTLE **HINDU** GIRL, LALLA. – YOU KNOW – I – I – KIND OF **LIKE** HER!

WELL, WE KNOW THE SATURNIAN IS ONE OF **THREE** MEN ANYHOW.

WELL, IF **I** KNOW **BUDDY** – HE'LL FIND A WAY TO STOP HIM!

I DID HAVE A PLAN. FOR A LONG TIME I HAD BEEN THINKING OF A **FLYING ROBOT-RADIO**-CONTROLLED, WITH **ATTRACTOR-BEAM** PROPULSION. I HAD IT BUILT AND SHOWED IT TO ALURA AND MARY.

WITH THIS CONTROL BOX I CAN MAKE IT DO **ANYTHING**, AND TALK **THROUGH** IT.

WONDERFUL!

OH! I THINK IT'S **JUST** TOO **CLICKY!**

WITH THIS CONTROL BOX I CAN MAKE IT DO **ANYTHING**, AND TALK **THROUGH** IT!

THEY WERE SCRAPPING AN OLD ROCKET SHIP. HOVERING ABOVE ON MY **FLYING BELT**, I PUT THE **ROBOT** TO WORK.

IT AIN'T SO – – BUT **THERE** IT IS!

FELLER! FROM NOW ON I'M GONNA BE A **ROBOT OPERATOR!**

I EXPLAINED MY PLAN TO BOBAR.

THE SATURNIAN WILL NEVER DREAM WE'VE GONE TO **HIMALAYA** – AND BESIDES IF WE CAN **GET** HIS **SPACE SHIP** –

SO I HOPPED OFF – SENDING **ROBOT** ON AHEAD OF ME.

WHEN I WAS OUT OF SIGHT BOBAR AND DAV DALI FOLLOWED, GUIDED BY MY **AUTOMATIC RADIO BEACON!**

IF HE'S **AMBUSHED** WE'LL **SURPRISE** THE AM-BUSHERS!

AND **OOFAH** FOR THEM!

FAR BEHIND BOBAR AND DAV CAME ALURA AND MARY, IN A LITTLE ROCKETABOUT!

BUDDY'S **SO** RECKLESS!!

SO IS **BOBAR!**

ON – – ON WE SPED – OVER THE ATLANTIC.

IF **BUCK ROGERS** COULD ONLY SEE US **NOW!**

IF BUCK ROGERS COULD ONLY SEE US NOW!

BUT ONCE OVER HIMALAYA, I HID BEHIND A CLOUD, AND SENT **ROBOT** DIVING DOWN.

AMMUL! – HABBIB! – KIZZAT!! – LALLA!!

WHAT IS IT?

SOME CREATURE FROM **ANOTHER PLANET!**

ALLAH PRESERVE US!

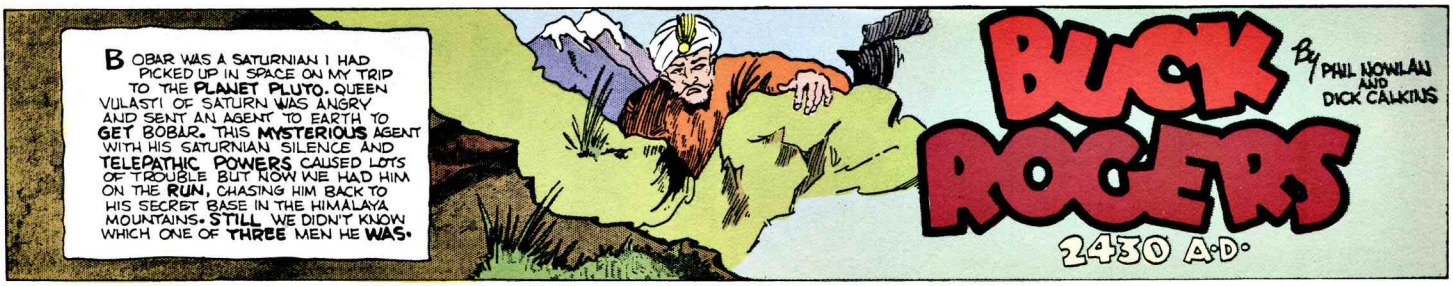
AN INSTANT LATER –

DON'T BE LIKE THAT! – COME **BACK** HERE. – I WANT TO **TALK** TO YOU!

HELP – **HELP!** – BY THE **BEARD** OF THE **PROPHET-HELP!** – LEGGO MY LEG!

DICK CALKINS

TO BE CONTINUED


BOBAR WAS A SATURNIAN I HAD PICKED UP IN SPACE ON MY TRIP TO THE PLANET PLUTO. QUEEN VULASTI OF SATURN WAS ANGRY AND SENT AN AGENT TO EARTH TO GET BOBAR. THIS MYSTERIOUS AGENT WITH HIS SATURNIAN SILENCE AND TELEPATHIC POWERS CAUSED LOTS OF TROUBLE BUT NOW WE HAD HIM ON THE RUN, CHASING HIM BACK TO HIS SECRET BASE IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS. STILL WE DIDN'T KNOW WHICH ONE OF THREE MEN HE WAS.
BUCK ROGERS
2430 A.D.
By PHIL NOWLAN AND DICK CALKINS

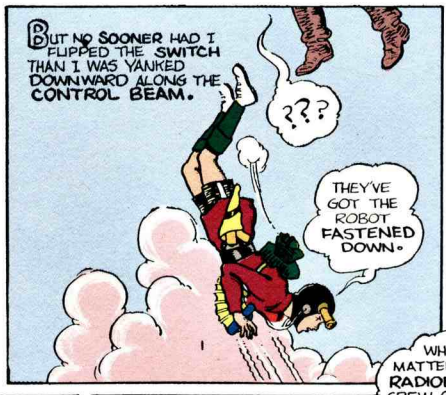
THE FAIR PRISONER

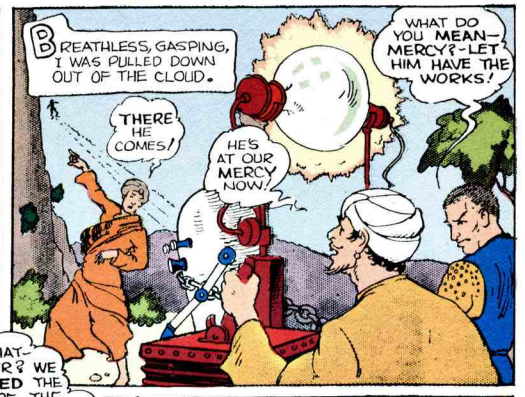
WITH MY FLYING BELT I DRIFTED, SAFELY HIDDEN IN A CLOUD ABOVE THE HIMALAYAS OPERATING MY FLYING-ROBOT FAR BELOW.
I CAN SEE JUST AS WELL AS IF I WERE DOWN THERE INSIDE THAT ROBOT—HEY! COME OUT HERE AND LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT YOU!
THE ROBOT WAS DRAGGING ONE OF THE CONSPIRATORS OUT OF THE CAVE.
HEY! COME OUT HERE AND LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT YOU!
HELP! OH-ALLAH! HEAR MY CRY FOR HELP!
IT HAULED ITS CAPTIVE FORTH—
WHY! IT'S LALLA! I'LL BRING HER ALOFT AND QUIZZ HER.
ALAS! I AM UNDONE! HELP!
NO-NO! NO-NO! I'LL FALL LET ME GO!
STRAIGHT UP THE RADIO BEAM I DREW THE ROBOT AND IT'S CAPTIVE.
STOP! I'LL FALL! LET ME GO HELP!
SHUSH! DON'T BE THAT WAY! NOTHING'S GOING TO HURT YOU.
PUZZLED AND AWED THE CONSPIRATORS WATCHED
WHAT IS IT? A BEING FROM ANOTHER PLANET?
IT'S GOT LALLA ALL RIGHT!
WHAT MATTER? WOMEN ARE CHEAP IN HIMALAYA!
ABOVE THE CLOUD I TRIED TO CALM LALLA.
LISTEN, LALLA! IT WON'T DROP YOU! IT'S ONLY A MACHINE AND I CONTROL IT—!
—A MACHINE AND CONTROL IT!
BOBAR AND DAV CAME ALONG ON THEIR FLYING BELTS.
LOOK! BUDDY'S ROBOT HAS TAKEN A PRISONER ALREADY!
IT'S LALLA! OUT-RAGE-OUS! HAS HE NO CHIVALRY?—AND SHE'S SO BEAU-TIFUL!
DAV WAS UPSET. HE RUSHED TO TAKE THE GIRL FROM THE ROBOT.
I THINK DAV HAS GIRL TROUBLE!
HE'S GOING TO HAVE MORE GIRL TROUBLE SOON!
HERE, QUICK! GIVE HER TO ME!
SAVED!
—MORE GIRL TROUBLE SOON.
HE ASKED LALLA WHO THE SATURNIAN WAS.
I WON'T TALK! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME TALK! YOU CAN'T DO IT! YOU CAN'T
YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID!
SHE SAYS SHE WON'T TALK!
—THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID!
DAV TRIED A METHOD OF HIS OWN TO MAKE HER TALK—WITH ULTERIOR MOTIVES ON THE SIDE
I'M ONLY A BLUNT STRAIGHT FORWARD MARTIAN, BUT I COULD CARE FOR YOU IN A GREAT BIG WAY. WILL YOU MARRY ME?
HE'S A FAST WORKER—
—IN HIS BLUNT STRAIGHT FORWARD WAY!
—FORWARD WAY!
I MIGHT BE PERSUADED.
©JOHN DILLE CO REG US PAT OFF
DAV AND LALLA LOST ALL INTEREST IN US—
LET 'EM ALONE, BUDDY. THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS
I'LL SHOOT THE ROBOT DOWN. MAYBE I CAN MAKE HIM HOOK ANOTHER PRISONER
—ANOTHER PRISONER
THEN THE ENEMY STRUCK BACK. AS THE ROBOT REACHED THE GROUND, THEY SHOT A LIGHTNING BOLT UP THE RADIO CONTROL BEAM!
BANG!
OOFAH!
DICK CALKINS
33

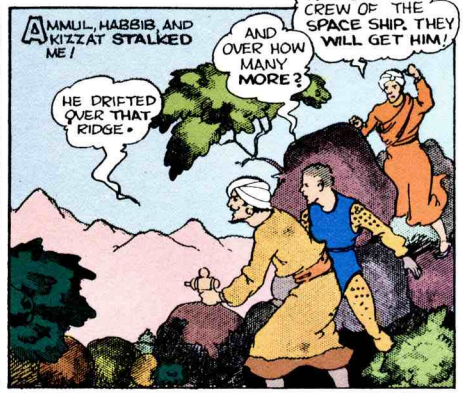
WE WERE ABOVE THE CLOUDS OVER THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS. SOME WHERE BELOW WERE AMMUL, HABBIB AND KIZZAT, ONE OF WHOM—WE KNEW NOT WHICH—WAS THE AGENT OF QUEEN VULASTI OF SATURN, SENT TO EARTH TO GET MY SATURNIAN FRIEND, BOBAR, OF WHOM SHE WAS JEALOUS. I HAD SHOT MY FLYING ROBOT DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS, BUT THEY HAD REPLIED BY FLASHING A LIGHTNING BOLT BACK ALONG THE ROBOTS CONTROL BEAM.
BUCK ROGERS
2430 A.D.
By PHIL NOWLAN AND DICK CALKINS

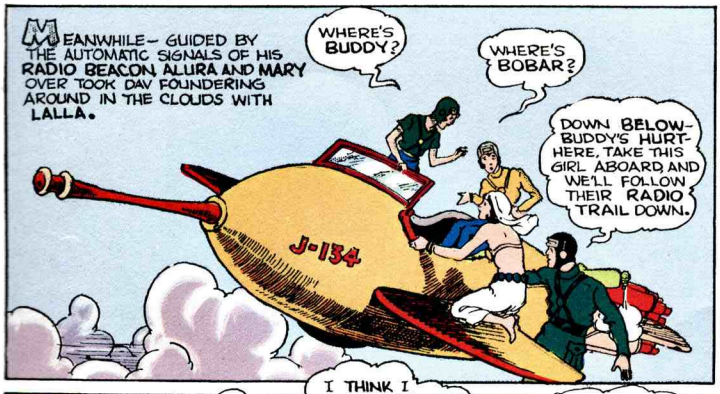
TRAPPED IN THE HIMALAYAS

I SWITCHED OFF THE CONTROL BEAM, SO FOR THE MOMENT WE HAD NO FEAR.
TRY IT AGAIN BUDDY.
I'LL SWITCH ON THE CONTROL BEAM AND YANK THE ROBOT UP HERE CLICKY!


BUT NO SOONER HAD I FLIPPED THE SWITCH THAN I WAS YANKED DOWNWARD ALONG THE CONTROL BEAM.
???
THEY'VE GOT THE ROBOT FASTENED DOWN.


BREATHLESS, GASPING, I WAS PULLED DOWN OUT OF THE CLOUD.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN—MERCY?—LET HIM HAVE THE WORKS!
THERE HE COMES!
HE'S AT OUR MERCY NOW!

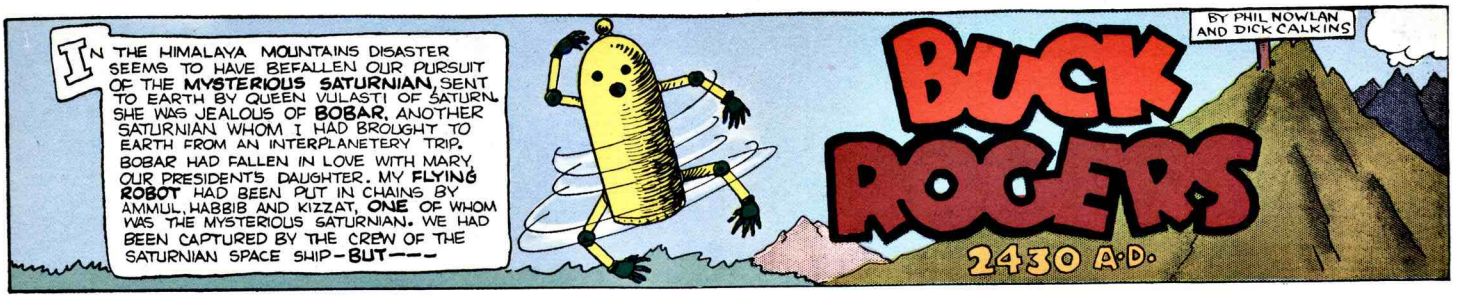

AMMUL, HABBIB, AND KIZZAT STALKED ME!
HE DRIFTED OVER THAT RIDGE.
AND OVER HOW MANY MORE?
WHAT—MATTER? WE RADIOED THE CREW OF THE SPACE SHIP. THEY WILL GET HIM!


MEANWHILE—GUIDED BY THE AUTOMATIC SIGNALS OF HIS RADIO BEACON ALURA AND MARY OVER TOOK DAV FOUNDERING AROUND IN THE CLOUDS WITH LALLA.
WHERE'S BUDDY?
WHERE'S BOBAR?
DOWN BELOW—BUDDY'S HURT—HERE, TAKE THIS GIRL ABOARD AND WE'LL FOLLOW THEIR RADIO TRAIL DOWN.
J-134

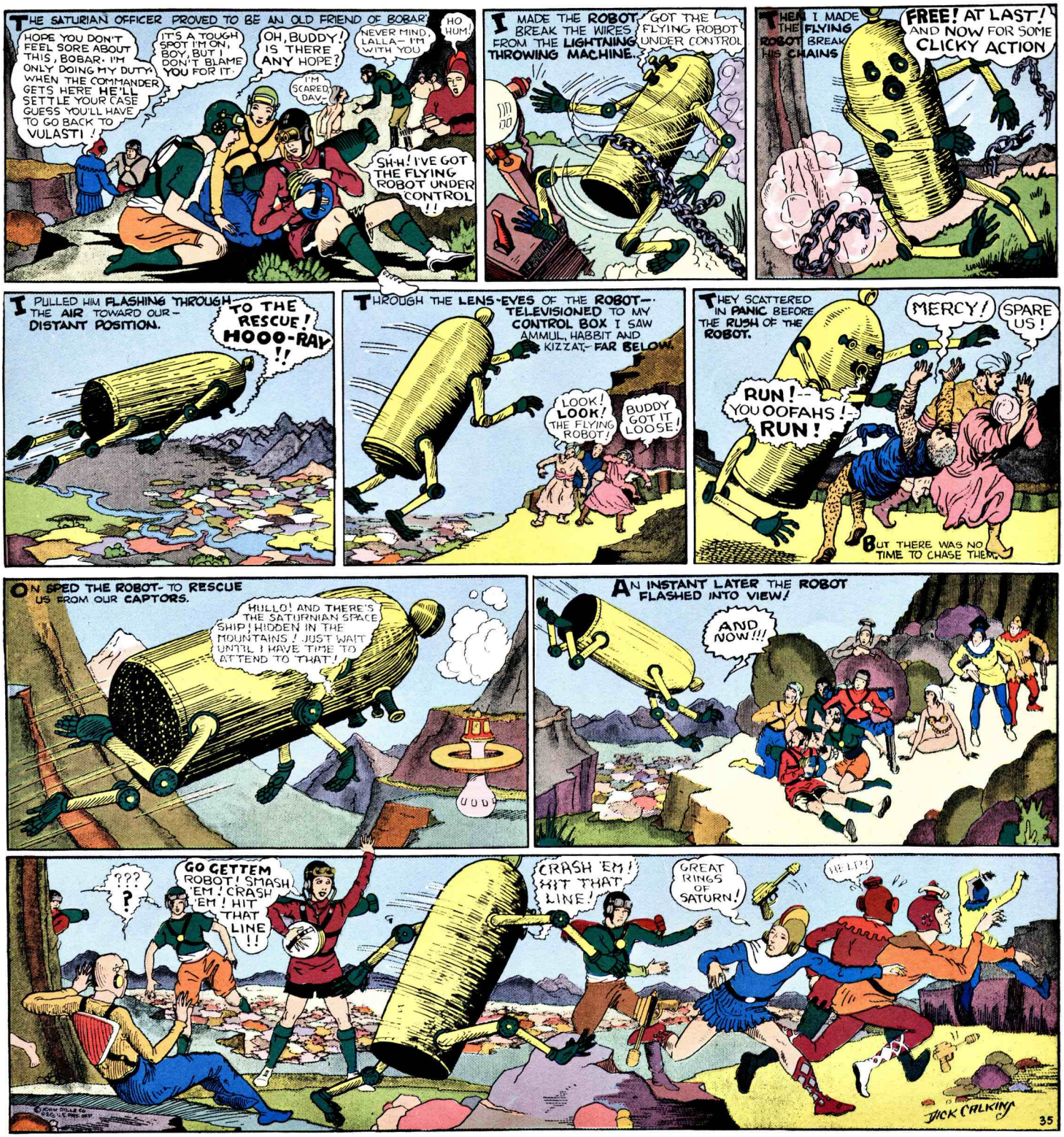
THEY REACHED ME SOON AFTER BOBAR DID.
HOW'S BUDDY?
BUDDY'S JUST STUNNED, I THINK—HE GOT A LIGHTNING BOLT RIGHT IN HIS CONTROL BOX!
BOBAR DEAR! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
J-134

SLOWLY I CAME TO.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOBAR?
I THINK I SENSE SATURNIAN THOUGHT WAVES—AND LOTS OF THEM! I DON'T LIKE IT!
MY BRAINS ARE ALL SCRAMBLED!—BUT I'LL BE CLICKY IN A MINUTE—.
OH BUDDY DOES IT HURT?

BUT IN LESS THAN A MINUTE—
IT'S THE SATURNIANS.
STICK 'EM UP!
WE'RE S-SURROUNDED!
I WAS AFRAID OF IT.
OH BUDDY! THIS IS AWFUL!
SH—I THINK IT'S SAFE TO OPERATE MY FLYING ROBOT NOW. I'LL BEAT THESE SATURNIANS YET!


BY PHIL NOWLAN AND DICK CALKINS
IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS DISASTER SEEMS TO HAVE BEFALLEN OUR PURSUIT OF THE MYSTERIOUS SATURNIAN, SENT TO EARTH BY QUEEN VULASTI OF SATURN. SHE WAS JEALOUS OF BOBAR, ANOTHER SATURNIAN WHOM I HAD BROUGHT TO EARTH FROM AN INTERPLANETERY TRIP. BOBAR HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH MARY, OUR PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER. MY FLYING ROBOT HAD BEEN PUT IN CHAINS BY AMMUL, HABBIB AND KIZZAT, ONE OF WHOM WAS THE MYSTERIOUS SATURNIAN. WE HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY THE CREW OF THE SATURNIAN SPACE SHIP—BUT———
BUCK ROGERS
2430 A.D.

FLYING ROBOT TO THE RESCUE


THE SATURIAN OFFICER PROVED TO BE AN OLD FRIEND OF BOBAR!
I HOPE YOU DON'T FEEL SORE ABOUT THIS, BOBAR. I'M ONLY DOING MY DUTY. WHEN THE COMMANDER GETS HERE HE'LL SETTLE YOUR CASE GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO VULASTI!
IT'S A TOUGH SPOT I'M ON, BOY, BUT I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR IT.
OH, BUDDY! IS THERE ANY HOPE?
I'M SCARED, DAV—
NEVER MIND, LALLA— I'M WITH YOU
HO HUM!
SH-H! I'VE GOT THE FLYING ROBOT UNDER CONTROL!!
I MADE THE ROBOT BREAK THE WIRES FROM THE LIGHTNING THROWING MACHINE.
GOT THE FLYING ROBOT UNDER CONTROL
THEN I MADE THE FLYING ROBOT BREAK HIS CHAINS
FREE! AT LAST! AND NOW FOR SOME CLICKY ACTION
I PULLED HIM FLASHING THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD OUR— DISTANT POSITION.
TO THE RESCUE! HOOO-RAY!!
THROUGH THE LENS-EYES OF THE ROBOT— TELEVISIONED TO MY CONTROL BOX I SAW AMMUL, HABBIT AND KIZZAT— FAR BELOW.
LOOK! LOOK! THE FLYING ROBOT!
BUDDY GOT IT LOOSE!
THEY SCATTERED IN PANIC BEFORE THE RUSH OF THE ROBOT.
MERCY!
SPARE US!
RUN! YOU OOFAHS! RUN!
BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO CHASE THEM.
ON SPED THE ROBOT- TO RESCUE US FROM OUR CAPTORS.
HULLO! AND THERE'S THE SATURNIAN SPACE SHIP! HIDDEN IN THE MOUNTAINS! JUST WAIT UNTIL I HAVE TIME TO ATTEND TO THAT!
UUUP
AN INSTANT LATER THE ROBOT FLASHED INTO VIEW!
AND NOW!!!
???
GO GETTEM ROBOT! SMASH 'EM! CRASH 'EM! HIT THAT LINE!!
CRASH 'EM! HIT THAT LINE!
GREAT RINGS OF SATURN!
HELP!
JACK CALKINS
35

THE MYSTERY OF THE SATURNIAN MENACE WAS DRAWING TO A CLOSE. WITH THE AID OF MY FLYING ROBOT WE HAD CAPTURED THE CREW OF THE SPACE SHIP FROM SATURN AND LOCATED THE SHIP ITSELF WHERE IT LAY HIDDEN IN A RAVINE OF THE HIMALAYAS. AND NOW AMMUL, HABBIB AND KIZZAT — ONE OF WHOM WAS THE HIGH AGENT OF VULASTI, QUEEN OF SATURN — WERE ABOUT TO WALK INTO THE AMBUSH THEY HAD SET FOR US.

BUCK ROGERS

2430 A.D.

By PHIL NOWLAN AND DICK CALKINS

SATURNIAN SURRENDERS

AMMUL, HABBIB AND KIZZAT THOUGHT WE WERE PRISONERS OF THE SATURNIAN CREW — EXULANT-MERCILESS- THEY HASTENED OVER THE RIDGE, BUT —

THEY MET WITH A SURPRISE!

WHAT'S THIS-?

OOFAH! SOMETHING GONE WRONG.

OUR VICTIMS SEEM TO HAVE THE DROP ON US-.

STICK 'EM-UP!

AND MAKE IT CLICKY!

I PUT IT UP TO BOBAR -.

WHICH ONE OF THESE THREE IS THE SATURNIAN?

I—I CAN'T TELL, BUDDY. HIS WILL IS SET ON GUARDING HIS SECRET, AND I CAN'T BREAK THROUGH THE MENTAL BARRIER!

BUT THE SATURNIAN'S MENTAL RESISTANCE WAS FUTILE, FOR—

YOU OOFAHS! I'M GOING TO SETTLE YOUR GAME FOR GOOD.

SPARE US-!

YOUR GAME FOR GOOD.

MY PLAN WAS SIMPLE.

HOWS THAT FOR CLICKY SHOOTING?

-FOR CLICKY SHOOTING-

BONG !

NOW WILL YOU SURRENDER? YOUR SPACE SHIP IS DESTROYED — YOU CAN NEVER RETURN TO SATURN- NEVER RECIEVE ANY REWARD FROM VULASTI!

YOU ARE RIGHT- YOU- -YOU HAVE BEATEN ME! I, THE SUPPOSED SUBJECT OF PRINCE AMMUL, AND HIS BROTHER HABBIB -AM VULASTI'S AGENT! BUDDY DEERING-I SURRENDER-AND SALUTE YOU!

SO WE RETURNED HOME, WHERE SOON BOBAR THE SATURNIAN WEDDED MARY, OUR PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER, AND DAV DALI OF MARS TOOK LALLA FOR HIS BRIDE.

BUT I WAS DISCONSOLATE.

WHAT'S THE MATTER BUDDY-?

I CAN'T STAND THIS TAME LIFE, ALURA- NOTHING TO DO- NO ADVENTURE -NO NOTHING- I'D LIKE TO TAKE ANOTHER INTER--PLANETERY TRIP- --TO VENUS, FOR INSTANCE-.

COMING! MAROONED ON VENUS!

LOST ON A STRANGE PLANET- AMONG AMAZING ANIMALS AND STRANGE AND DARING MEN WHO RIDE BIRDS.